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PRISON LIFE, BY MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU. First Article.

THOUGH less attention than might be wished is paid by busy members of society to the case of the large class of the guilty, every one is interested in the subject of prison life, when its details are presented to him. The eager curiosity manifested by many listeners about what I saw and heard in the prisons of the United States, justifies my relating some anecdotes of the sayings and doings and experience of convicts with whom I made acquaintance while in America.

I have nothing to tell of the prisons which are continued on the old plans, still too largely tolerated in Europe. There is little encouragement to any one to visit places where guilty persons herd together, and corrupt any new-comers who may be less hardened than themselves; where the mother is ashamed of tenderness to her babe; where the boy is laughed out of any remaining respect to his parents, and strangers cannot speak without being scoffed at or abused. None will willingly enter such a scene but those who may have some power to work a reform—a power which a stranger does not possess. I visited no prisons where the convicts were allowed to crowd together to amuse themselves with gaming, profane conversation, or tales of roguery. Those which I studied were either on the Silent or the Separate System.

The Separate System is the same with that which has been called the Solitary System: but the word "Solitary" is a wrong one—it conveys erroneous ideas. When we hear of solitary imprisonment, we fancy a miserable man shut up in a gloomy cell, with nothing to do—nothing to keep his mind from preying on itself—nothing to prevent the tortures of his conscience from turning his brain; with no one to speak to him; no one to care for him; no help, and no hope. In the dark ages, men, both good and bad, were thus imprisoned; but it was a cruelty of which civilised society is now incapable. A good man, with a cheerful conscience, and a religious hope to sustain him, could scarcely endure such a lot for any length of time. A guilty man, ignorant, restless, and dissatisfied with himself, could not possibly sustain it. If he could not stupify himself with inordinate sleep, he would go mad. Solitary confinement, in the strict sense of the term, is out of the question, in America and Great Britain, at this time of day.

The Separate System is a very different kind of thing. The prisoner is separated from the guilty—from those who would interfere with his reformation while in confinement, and with his prosperity afterwards, by blasting his character. From such he is separated, but he associates with a considerable number of friends, with the warden of the prison, with the clergyman, the physician, the visitors, and the turnkey who supplies his wants. He is in a dry airy cell, is well fed and clothed, and has work and books with which to pass away the time. There is no one to laugh at his emotions when he thinks of the days when he was innocent and happy. There is no one to reproach him for his crimes and his follies. Those whom he daily sees, encourage him to hope for happier years than he has ever known. They treat him with respect, and above all things avoid humbling him in his own eyes. His health is improved by the necessary regularity of his life, and his sufferings are strictly the consequences of his former vices, and not any new infliction. If he has been a drunkard, he suffers from the privation of liquor. If he has been an idler, he suffers from the want of other amusement than he can derive from labour. If he has been a murderer, or a thief, he suffers from the remorse of his own mind.

But the way is open to him for an escape from these sufferings in the return to a better state of feeling, and the foundation of habits of sobriety and industry; and the persons with whom he daily converses are so many friends to help him on his way.

What life is in a prison of this kind, and what are its effects, will be best shown by an account of some of the inmates. In the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia, I became acquainted with a youth, who seemed to me almost as certain to be saved by the discipline he was undergoing, as he would have been to be ruined if he had chanced to be sent to the Walnut Street prison in the same city: a jail where there is no separation of prisoners during the day. The story of this youth exhibits very fairly the operation of the Separate System.

I found J. working, rather languidly, at shoemaking. He was a stout young man of one-and-twenty, dressed in the grey homespun which is much worn by the American farmers. He rose from his work, looking rather surprised to see me. I told him that if he did not wish to receive a visitor, I would go away: if he would like some conversation, I would stay. He begged me to stay; and when I asked for a seat, he wiped down his stool for me, and sat down himself upon his work-bench. In a very short time he opened much of his mind to me, as he had not seen so many persons of late, but that he was glad of conversation with one willing to be his friend. He told me the story (which I do not consider myself at liberty to publish) of the domestic troubles which had induced him, with his father's consent, to leave home, and seek a living elsewhere. His father gave him an old horse and saddle, some money, and directions where to go to find employment. He was disappointed in his application, and rode on. His money was exhausted; and when he one night passed a field where several fine horses were grazing, the temptation to exchange his worn-out horse for one of them was too strong for him. He put his old saddle upon a stout grey, and rode off. In the morning he was caught, and presently brought to trial. He was now far away from his home—in a distant state—and his great desire was to conceal his disgrace from his respectable family. He therefore gave in a false name, and under it was tried and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in this place.

"You pleaded 'not guilty,' I suppose?" said I.

"No, madam," replied he: "I pleaded guilty." And he explained that the lawyers could not persuade him out of his determination to plead guilty; for he had enough on his mind already, without adding such a big lie to it. He had told one lie about his name, to save his father from the disgrace his act of theft would have brought upon him, and he was not going to tell any more lies to save himself. I ascertained elsewhere that this account of his plea was fact. Such a degree of conscientiousness afforded promise of reform amidst the stillness of his seclusion from evil influences; but it would soon have been destroyed by the companionship of criminals more corrupted than himself.

J. had been conducted to the cleansing-room on his arrival at the prison, bathed, and examined by the physician of the establishment as to his state of health, which was very good. A hood was then thrown over his head, and he was led thus blindfolded, he did not know where. When the hood was removed, he found himself in a cell, nearly twelve feet long and seven and a half wide, lighted by a skylight in the sloping roof, and furnished with a bed, folded up by day against the wall, a stool, and an apparatus for washing. A door opened into a yard, eighteen feet long, where he could

take exercise for an hour a-day. He was barred into his cell, and left to reflect on his strange situation. For two days he had no companions but his own thoughts: the turnkey brought him his meals, three times a-day, and this was the only interruption to his solitude. For comfort he turned to the hope of pardon from the governor of the state. I could not discover on what grounds he persuaded himself that he might be pardoned, for there was no doubt whatever as to his offence. In some states of the Union where capital punishment still exists, pardons are frequent, on account of the dislike of the citizens to taking away life for social offences: and the effect is extremely bad. A hope of impunity is thus engendered, which serves as a great encouragement to vice. This excuse for pardoning is absent in the case of a prison like the Philadelphia Penitentiary, where the convict is confined for a long term of years instead of being hanged; and the fact is, that only two prisoners in that establishment have ever been pardoned—one from the occurrence of circumstances which led to the supposition of his innocence; the other from its being discovered that he was insane when he committed his crime. J. did not know this, and he set his whole mind on being pardoned.

On the third day, the warden of the prison came and conversed some time with him, with great kindness. J. eagerly asked for something to do, and was promised work, a Bible, and an occasional sight of some books which circulated in the prison. He was told that idle workers had the lowest amount of diet (sufficient, however, to support the health of an indolent person); that good workers had full diet; and that very diligent workers had an opportunity of accumulating a fund against the time of their release, as they were paid for all that they did over and above the moderate amount of prison labour, the money being laid by, and paid over to them on their discharge. J. chose shoemaking for his employment; and when the warden had fully informed him of the rules of the prison, and promised to come soon and see him again, he went and sent a turnkey to J., who brought a work-bench, leather, and tools, and gave him his first lesson in shoemaking.

J. did not settle well to his work for some months. He had been accustomed to the use of a great deal of tobacco, and the privation of it made him restless and perpetually uncomfortable. He could not sleep well for thinking of his father and his own disgrace, and the hope of pardon unsettled his thoughts. He told me that the first four months had been very wretched. It was at the end of the fifth month that I first saw him. The regular visitors of the prison had been kind to him, had conversed with him often, and had closely inquired whether he was made as comfortable as the state of his mind would allow. The turnkeys were attentive, and every one treated him with respect. But still he passed much of his time in pacing his cell, instead of working or reading.

"How much work do you set yourself, J.?" said I.

"I make three shoes a-week."

"Is that all? Can you do no more than that?"

"I could, but I have no particular mind to."

"What do you do with the rest of your time?"

"I read a bit now and then, and I enjoy myself walking up and down here."

His hope of pardon soon came out. I felt it my duty, however painful, to deprive him of this hope. I reasoned with him about the purposes of punishment, and the necessity of steadiness in punishing offences so clearly proved as his, and even told him that I knew he would not be pardoned, and that it was the best kindness to tell him so at once, instead of letting him

linger on in harassing expectation. He turned very pale, and trembled while I spoke, but said at last that this agreed only too well with a message he had from his father. I was surprised to hear of a prisoner receiving a message from without the walls, for it is against the rules; but the warden had relaxed the rule in this particular case, for the benefit and solace of the young man. The warden had come and told him, one day lately, that his father had called at the prison, and had requested the warden to give his love to his son, and tell him, that though he had traced him, no one else in the world was aware of his story; that it should be kept an entire secret from the rest of the family, and that if J. would patiently serve his five years in prison, and then come straight home, he should have a share of the farm, and never hear a word of what had passed. I thought this message a far better support than any vague hope of pardon, and I brought J. to agree with me. He also agreed fully with me as to the unmanliness of his conduct in letting any family trouble drive him to do a deed which deprived him of his self-respect. Something having been said about escapes from other prisons, I asked him whether he supposed any one practised in gaols could have an idea of escaping from this prison. He replied that he did not know in the least what was the form of the interior of the building, and he could not suppose that any inmate could judge what part of it he was living in, except by the way the light came in. He went on to mention that some visitor had one day lately happened to leave his cell door open, and that he had called to the turnkey to shut it.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I did not like to have thoughts of escaping put into my mind."

"But you must surely be aware that if you got to the end of that passage outside your door, you would be no nearer escaping than you are here."

"May be so," said he, "but I did not want to have to think about it. So I got the next that passed to shut it."

He eagerly begged to see me again, and I promised to pay him another visit soon.

"Well, J.," said I, when I stepped into his cell again, at the end of another fortnight, "how have you been since I saw you?"

"Very fairly, indeed, madam. I make seven shoes a-week now."

"And do you sleep better?"

"I sleep very well now, and I have been reading those books," pointing to two or three which lay with his Bible.

"Ah! then you have left off fretting yourself about a pardon. You have made up your mind to your term like a man."

"Yes, I have thought a good deal about that, and I have been thinking over something else. I have been thinking that perhaps it is very well that I am here now, for, madam, I got that grey horse so easily, that I believe if I had sold it instead of having been caught, I should have gone back to the same place and taken another, and so have come in for ten years instead of five."

J. brushed away a few tears when I shook hands with him at parting; but I was full of hope for him. Twenty months afterwards I heard of him from the warden. He was in good health, cheerful, and industrious. I have no doubt of his doing well when he comes out. From my study of his mind and temper, I am convinced that any exposure of him as a criminal in the eyes of others would have been his total ruin.

J.'s case was perhaps the most promising that came under my notice. One of the most opposite character was that of a murderer, in for the longest term, twelve years. The man was ignorant, and bore a character of great sullenness. He was stooping over his work when I went in, and did not look up when the turnkey was gone, and we were left quite alone. I told him I would go away or stay, whichever he pleased. He looked up without speaking. I told him that, if he wished me to stay, perhaps he would give me a seat. He immediately rose from his stool, and wiped it with his apron. I explained that I had come for friendly conversation, and proceeded to relate my reasons for visiting the prison. By degrees he gained confidence, and his speech, though slow and awkward, like that of an ignorant man, disclosed to me clearly enough what was in his mind. He told me that he was in for murder—a murder which he was sorry for, but which he believed he should do over again, if the temptation came. He

said, I should have done the same, or any one who had such provocation and opportunity of stabbing such an enemy as the man he had killed. Yes he was sorry, and wished the fellow alive again, though not on his own account. Not on his own account! No. He had no wish to be any where but where he was. He had been six years (I think) in this prison, and it had been the best time of his life. He had been in peace and quiet, which he had never been before, since he was grown up. Those whom he saw were kind to him; he liked his work very well, and did not feel the want of liquor now, which, however, had been a great trouble to him for a long time. He did not think he should take to liquor now, after he got out; and his being so much better a workman than when he came in, would be an advantage to him.

After a time, we came to the subject of what made him commit the murder. He was evidently anxious to open his mind to me, but hesitated; and then came a trait of feeling which inspired me at once with respect for him. He resumed his work, bending his head over it as he spoke, and observed, that he was unwilling to speak hardly of any poor creature that was gone; but that his wife was the cause of all. He had loved her as much as a man could, and she had seemed to love him while he courted her; but they had not long been married when he found that she had been previously married to another man, and had only been cheating him to get a settlement. On learning this, he took to drinking, and gave himself over to bad passions, till it ended in his driving his knife into the heart of the first husband. The wife had died since he entered the prison; and it was clear that he loved her still, and forgave her, though feeling vindictively towards the man he had murdered. There was surely enough good in his heart for his prison friends to work upon for his reformation.

When I speak of this man as ignorant, I mean for an American. He could read, and he knew where Europe was. When I rose to go, he looked up briskly, and asked if I could not sit and talk a bit longer. He wanted to know where I came from; and then, what brought me so far? I told him I wished to see something of the world; and I came so far because I wanted a long holiday after doing some hard work.

"Possible! What! a lady work? What sort of work?"

"The hardest work of all, perhaps; writing books."

"What sort of books? If you will tell me what they are, I may be able to see them when I get out."

It was clear that "the peace and quiet" of his seclusion was what this man chiefly valued—was to him the best feature of his condition. But for this seclusion, the probability is, that he would have been utterly brutal.

It will be perceived that I was entirely alone with these prisoners. It was so in every case. After having surveyed the building, and heard what the guardians of the convicts had to say, I was anxious to receive the confidence of the other party. I supposed that the prisoners would, from their long seclusion, be disposed to communicate very freely; and, judging from my own feelings, that they could not do this in the presence of any third person. I therefore requested, and was allowed, to go entirely alone, the turnkey coming at the end of a specified time to let me out. No notice was given of my coming. Their door was unlocked at an unusual hour, and I stepped in. My reception was, in almost every case, the same. Each man looked up, overcome with surprise; one with his shuttle, another with his awl, suspended. Though I had occasion, in some cases, to explain that my visit was not for religious purposes, the conversation invariably took that turn before I left, as it naturally does with the anxious and the suffering. I told them all that I could not give them news from the city, because this was against the rules of the prison. They were glad to converse with me on my own conditions, and I am confident that they presented me faithfully with their state of mind as it appeared to themselves. I have never received confidence more full and simple than theirs; and much of it was very extraordinary. All, except two or three, voluntarily acknowledged their guilt—the last point, of course, on which I should have chosen to press them. It seemed a relief to them to dwell on the minutest particulars relating to their temptation to their crime, and the time and mode of its commission. One man began protesting his innocence early in our conversation, following the practice common among felons, of declaring himself a guilty fellow enough, but innocent of this particular crime.

I stopped him, saying that I asked him no questions, and had no business with his innocence or guilt, and did not require such protestations as he was making: we would talk of something else. He looked ashamed; and within half an hour he had communicated his first act of dishonesty in life—the festering wound which I have reason to believe he never before laid open to human eye.

Several incidents of this nature which occurred, persuade me that almost any thing may be done with these sufferers by occasional intercourse and free sympathy. Each time that I went, I was amazed at the effect of words that had passed, lightly enough, days or weeks before. The effects of quiet thought, in the absence of bad influences, and in the midst of those which are gentle and favourable, will be shown in the anecdotes which I have further to relate.

A SHORT RESIDENCE AT AN IRISH WATERING-PLACE.

I, BEING a middle-aged unmarried lady, left Scotland at the end of July 1838, in order to spend a few weeks with a young married friend, her husband, and two children, all of whom were temporarily settled, for the benefit of sea-bathing and change of air, at Lahinch, on the west coast of Ireland. I had never been in Ireland before, and consequently all, or nearly all that I saw, was novel to me.* I will here describe what chiefly impressed me, believing that to those who read my pages, it must be as extraordinary and striking as it was to myself.

Lahinch is a poor little village, situated on a bay of the Atlantic [Liscannor Bay], in the county of Clare. At a distance it looks the pink of cleanness, for the cottages are whitened, having probably been subjected to this process by dint of the exertions of some benevolent Saxons living thereabouts; but when we enter the town, we soon find that the interiors are as dirty, and every way wretched, as they can well be—a lively illustration of how easy it is to plate over an evil, compared with the difficulty of working a reformation from the centre outwards—as well as of the vanity of all superficial correction, while the "inner part" remains unimproved. Having been brought by coach and mail-car from Limerick to Lahinch, I found my young friend lodged with her family in a very plain house of two floors, belonging to one Gorman. I shall describe it piecemeal, beginning with my own bedroom. This apartment, not bigger than some closets, contained an old wooden bed, a deal table; no chairs, no chest of drawers, no basin-stand—no room to hold them. The window, of four panes, had fallen so much off its hinges, as to leave a gap sufficient to enable me to put in my hand at the top to pull it open—quite convenient. The view presented by the window consisted of a small stable-yard—in the centre a dunghill, on which reposed one very large sow and two smaller—a rickle of stones, a sprinkling of geese, a puddle, and some ducks. An adjoining bedroom, used by the children, contained an old bed and three trunks. These rooms were entered through the parlour, which was furnished with one square wooden table, painted wainscot, in the middle—two side-tables, of common wood—six chairs, which had once been stuffed, but were now so much decayed, so crazy, and so sharp, that it required some ingenuity to settle one's self safely, not to speak of comfortably, upon them—one small grate—no fender—no fire-irons. There was another bedroom of the same description with the two already mentioned. Down stairs, a kitchen with two clay-floored apartments. There was no kitchen grate; all cooking was done at a turf fire on the floor; yet, strange to say, every thing was done well, there being a great advantage, apparently, in the want of smoke. All the windows of the house shattered and patched—no carpet any where—no such thing, I understand, in all Lahinch. The rent paid by Mrs B. was eight

* [In our own tours in Ireland, of which an account appeared in the Journal, we experienced much inconvenience from the want of a good road-book, or guide, no such thing being purchasable in the country. We have now much pleasure in mentioning that this defect is supplied by a well-constructed, well-filled, and pleasantly-embellished volume, published a few months ago by Messrs Curry of Dublin, under the title of "A Guide through Ireland, descriptive of its Scenery, Towns, &c., by James Fraser." From what we have read of Mr Fraser's work, we are confident of its general accuracy, and we therefore cordially recommend it to public patronage.—Ed. C. E. J.]

pounds ten shillings for two months. We had a girl of the village temporarily hired as a servant.

I found I was only a few days too late for seeing a Patteron or Patron, a kind of festival of frequent occurrence in many parts of Ireland. It had taken place the Sunday before my arrival. At an early hour in the morning, people were busily employed in fixing tents, and ere long, scenes of outrageous fun and dissipation commenced. Towards evening there was some rioting and fighting, into which the priests plunged for the purpose of putting a stop to it, though they had been the most active, at an earlier period of the day, in clearing the ground for donkey races. Amidst the riot, Father Shannon dashed along on his horse, using his whip unsparringly among the turbulent crowd, who endeavoured to avoid it by throwing themselves on the ground. It was necessary to bring some police from Ennistymond before all was over. In mentioning these disgraceful scenes as having signalled the patron or festival of Lahinch, it is no more than justice to the Irish to add, that, before leaving the country, I witnessed the spectacle of a Donnybrook Fair, and never in my life beheld a more orderly assemblage. This was the more pleasing and remarkable, as I had chosen the evening as the period of my visit, and as many, many thousands of the poorest Irish were present on the occasion.

Sunday, August 5th, I went to mass. The crowd flocking to the chapel was so great, that Mrs B. turned back. A man at the door received donations in his hat. The chapel a plain building, with a clay floor and no seats, wooden altar raised on three steps, and a gallery with pews. The body of the chapel filled with a dense mass of people, generally well clad, the women with clean white caps and blue cloaks. The whole congregation at prayers, some having strings of beads, others with prayer-books in English. In the course of half an hour, a boy in ragged corduroys stepped up to the altar, which was covered with rather dingy white cloth, and opened a small cupboard in the under part of it at one side, whence he took a quantity of salt, and put it into a small tin jug, or *finny*, as children call it. He then brought in a smoking turf, and laid it on the ground near the altar. This was for the purpose of lighting the candles, two of which were placed in brass candlesticks of a very common kind. A small tub of water was then brought in. When these preparations were over, the priest arrived, and made his way through the congregation, carrying on one arm a travelling cloak, and in the other hand a riding-whip, indicating that he had already officiated that morning at some distance. Having laid aside his travelling gear, he proceeded to array himself in his canonicals, previous to which the attendant boy blew up the turf and lighted the candles. The priest then emptied the salt-jug into the tub of water, and, having first sanctified it by prayer, proceeded to sprinkle the people with the liquid. The instrument which he used for this purpose appeared to be a well-worn besom, and all within reach anxiously stretched forth their hands to be touched by it. Those farther off were content to receive some of the drops upon them. There was on the altar a large shell, of the kind usually called a *duckie*. This was filled from the tub, and with its contents the hands of the priest were sprinkled several times before he touched the sacramental elements, of which, after mass had been said, one man and four women came forward and partook. This rite over, the priest lifted his hat, cloak, and whip, and left the chapel, to proceed, doubtless, to some other scene of duty. The tub was now placed in the middle of the floor, and the people sprinkled themselves before leaving the chapel. Bottles of all sizes were produced and filled from the vessel, until, ultimately, the whole of its contents disappeared. Various persons remained at prayers behind the rest. There was, in reality, every appearance of sincere devotion in the congregation. The chapel being small, nearly as many of the people are obliged to remain outside as get within, and those excluded kneel on the street exactly in the same manner as they would do inside of the building, and all with their heads uncovered.

After service, the Sunday is spent as a holiday. No regular work is done, but people carry about eggs, poultry, fruit, and vegetables, for sale, and races are usually run in the afternoon. These customs do not differ, I believe, from those of other Catholic countries; but they were in a measure new and curious to me; and I record the sights of this day in the belief that they will strike many persons with the same novel effect. On this same Sunday evening, after Captain B. had gone to bed, his place of repose on a sudden broke down with him, and being examined, was discovered to be in a most lamentable state of decay. With no little difficulty Captain B. got it propped up.

August 6th. Walked round the cliffs to the Spa. Day beautiful, and the bay, which is of a triangular shape, and in the very nook of which Lahinch is situated, had a grand appearance. Went to take a warm-bath in the place thereto appropriated. A large oval tub, which a man filled by means of buckets, was the bathing convenience. When about to dismiss the female attendant, I found that the door of the room had neither lock, bolt, nor bar of any kind. "Shure, ma'am," said the woman, "it does not need it; nobody will come in." And nobody did come in, certainly; but for that I had to thank my own precaution of placing a chair behind the door, as some one came up and leaned against it so as to open it partly, and it

would have opened altogether, no doubt, but for the chair. Set off afterwards in a car for Moher Cliffs. The country, on our way, looked very well, being thickly studded with white-walled cottages and small farms. Came to a *blessed well*, much resorted to at particular seasons on account of the healing properties ascribed to it. We were told that people sometimes stand in it all night for the purpose of curing *rheumatism*! The poor village of Liscannor, and Birchfield, the residence of Cornelius O'Brien, Esq., the chief proprietor of the district, lie on the road from Lahinch to the cliffs. These form a most stupendous wall, rising perpendicularly from two to eight hundred feet above the sea, and extending from the western angle of Liscannor Bay, for a distance of five miles along the shore, in a northerly direction. Moher Cliffs could scarcely be looked over by any one with safety, were it not for the exertions which Mr O'Brien has made for the convenience of visitors. He has had recesses formed, with protecting walls about breast high, where people can stand, and gaze in security over this tremendous ocean battlement. Visitors would in general have no correct idea of the great height at which they stand when on the top of Moher Cliffs, were it not for the pigmy appearance of the myriads of sea-fowl, breasting the waves below. They look like butterflies, or rather feathers, dashed about with the spray. We observed a still more striking evidence of the vast altitude of these cliffs. A long coil of rope lay at one point on the summit, and was fixed by one end to the rocks. Exactly below this point, and at a great distance down the face of the cliffs, we saw a level spot, covered with grass, and which looked little more than a hand's breadth in extent. But on making inquiry, we found that this level space was actually above half an acre in dimensions, and could sustain one sheep for a month. The rope was there for the very purpose of swinging down one of these animals. The poor creature must have a lonely time of it on that sea-and-rock-enclosed residence.

August 8th, 9th, and 10th, much rain, and nothing wonderful or worth recording. On the 11th, just finishing dinner, when a hue and cry got up that a canoe or boat had been upset, and that several people were in the water. All rushed to the beach. A fishing-boat had crossed the bay from Liscannor, and, in attempting to land at Lahinch, had been overturned among the breakers. There was no storm, and the boat was so close to the shore, that a man could stand breast-high in the water; yet a boy was drowned—the son of a wealthy farmer near Limerick, of the name of Frost. The lad had been staying with his uncle and cousins in bathing lodgings, and had gone out with them for a sail. The uncle was led up from the beach by four men, one of them carrying the boy's cap. Watch was kept on the cliffs for the body, and in three hours a shrill whistle and the waving of a hat gave intimation that it was seen, washed in by the tide. All was again in commotion. Men rushed to the beach, and plunged into the sea for the corpse, which was brought to the village, and carried past our window, followed by an immense multitude. All was grief and regret for the loss of the fine boy, and we ourselves went very melancholy to bed.

Sunday, August 12th. In place of the sorrow of last night, all was now fun and hilarity—after service, of course. Market for vegetables, fruit, mutton, poultry. Races—attended by many hundreds of people. At night, Catherine, our maid-servant, was absent without leave, and as she did not make her appearance, Mrs B. went down at bed-time to lock the door, determined to know when the girl came in. But behold! Catherine had locked us all in, and taken the key with her. Mrs B. was not to be outdone, and *dolled* the door inside. Then all went to bed. Anxious about the child, with whom Catherine usually slept, Mrs B. rose some time afterwards, and went to the nursery, when, to her great surprise, she found the delinquent Catherine snugly asleep in her usual place. Next morning the girl admitted that she had come in by the window, and that she had been out at a dance. I asked if the priest allowed her to dance on Sunday. "No, indeed, ma'am," said she, "he does not allow *night dancing* at all!" I then asked where the dance had been. "It was just two doors off, ma'am, and I went to look in; but they hauled me among them, and kept me, though I was like to cry." The difference in our customs never struck me so forcibly as when this girl, who thought nothing of a Sunday dance (by day at least), refused one Friday, upon the score of conscience, to eat fish that had been dressed with beef-drippings.

August 15th. Lady-day. Went again to mass, this being kept as a holy day, and also as a holiday. There were boat races in the bay to-day, and afterwards horse races on land. All merry, but all decorous. 16th and 17th—pattered about at home and abroad. On the 18th, heard that Catherine's sister was very ill. Went to see her, and found a crowd of

* This most egregious breach of the natural laws finds a parallel in a Russian custom described by Lord Londonderry in his late work on that country.

† It may be mentioned in passing, that the canoes used on this coast are, many of them, of an extremely light character. They are merely the frames of boats, sparred, and not clad or covered with wooden deals, but with pitched canvases, and in some instances with horse-hides. This construction renders the boats very light and buoyant, but unfits them for a heavy sea.

women in her small bedroom. 19th. The young woman much worse, and, indeed, thought to be dying. Believing such opinions to have been utterly exploded in the bounds of Britain, I was much startled and amazed when Catherine gravely told us that her sister's illness was occasioned by the *fairies*, who have a *fort* (the girl says) beneath the sick woman's dwelling. There are said to be several of these forts, or places where the fairies live, in the neighbourhood. The forts are under ground, and music is sometimes heard to rise from them. The mother of her sister's husband (Catherine told us) had fourteen children, and they all, with one exception, died in that house—and the survivor's parents died there too in their turn—so that there must be a fort of the fairies under the dwelling. Catherine's sister had a baby sixteen days ago. According to our views of the matter, her illness was explained by the fact of her having stood too early in the river, washing clothes. But the received Lahinch explanation of the matter runs differently. The fairies, it seems, are partial to *nurses* of mortal origin, and when they require one, they carry away some young woman who has had a child recently, and leave a changeling figure in her place. This, we are told, has been the case here. Catherine's sister has had a *blast*, that is, has been changed. "Faith, indeed, ma'am," said Catherine, "it is not like my sister, she that is lying ill—so black round the eyes—so pale! in troth—the women say that it is not her at all!"

It was with difficulty that I could persuade myself that human beings were around me, who, at this time of day, put faith in these fairy superstitions, which I had accustomed myself to think of as things belonging entirely to a past age. On the morning of the 20th, the poor young wife died. Went towards the house, and, before reaching it, heard the sound of wailing, or howling, as it is more frequently called. Found the coffin placed on a table; on the lid were two plates, one having tobacco upon it, and the other snuff, both for the use of the mourners. It was surrounded with women, some beating on the coffin, others clapping their hands, and all wailing aloud and in tears. From custom in all probability, the clappings, knockings, and moanings, were conducted with a species of unison and regularity, which gave to the vocal noises at least, something of the character of a psalm tune. This wailing never ceases for a moment till the body is interred, and all the neighbours and relatives come to bear a part in the ceremony. The house on this occasion was too small to contain all who came. Five of the adjoining cottages, indeed, were filled with the mourners. There is nothing for which the rural Irish are so remarkable as respect for the dead—strangely as they sometimes evince it.

August 21st. Being anxious to see an Irish funeral, went at ten o'clock to the house of the deceased. The women were still wailing, but no tears, except those shed by poor Catherine, who did weep bitterly. Saw the husband, who was not above twenty years of age, and who was calm, though evidently in deep grief. Was obliged to go and sit outside, on account of the crowd that came in; and, finally, was driven home by the stormy nature of the weather, before the funeral procession set out. This did not take place till three o'clock. Coffin placed on a car, with four of the female relations beside it. All others walking, the men provided with *black hats*, the women with cloaks, no other mournings being worn. The place of interment was two miles distant. At the wake there are three glasses of whisky given, one at nightfall, one at midnight, and one towards morning. Every person follows the custom of waking; but those who cannot give three glasses to the wakers, give two or one. It is at the death of aged persons that unbecoming indulgence and merriment are apt to take place. In the case of this young mother, the grief was too sincere to be attended with any indecorous exhibitions. With reference to the notion regarding the fairies, it may be asked why the friends mourned so much if they believed the person before them, dying and dead, to be but a changeling. This question can only be answered by supposing, that, in any view of the matter, they felt the poor young wife to be lost to them for ever.

August 23d. Symptoms of our approaching departure from Lahinch visible in the tendency of Gorman, our landlord, to squabble. A regular battlefication about the five broken panes, which have stood unmended for ten days during stormy weather. No glazier to be got. Tied the casement to a large nail in the wall by means of a rope, to prevent it being shattered by the wind. 25th. Still stronger prognostications of departure. Squabbling renewed with increased vehemence. 26th. Finishing squabble with Gorman in the morning. Hurry-scurry. Left Lahinch in the mail-car, and in an hour or two reached Ennis. Walked out here. Saw the prison, a large new building, with the place of execution in front, surmounted by two hideous-looking skulls. Heard that two sisters had been recently thrown into this prison, charged with murder. One was eighteen years of age, and the other twenty. Both had been married, and lived at Ennistymond. The husband of the youngest one died and was buried. About three weeks afterwards, the eldest sister complained to the youngest that her husband, and also his father who lived with them, used her ill. "Why don't you serve them as I did my husband?" said the young widow. The hint was taken, and a dose of poison administered.

The two men were taken violently ill, and the stomach-pump used, on which a quantity of arsenic was disclosed. This led to suspicions concerning the death of the first man; the body was lifted, and arsenic found in his stomach. Felt appalled at this story. Left Ennis next day, passed with all convenient speed from one place to another, and finally reached Dublin, whence, after seeing Donnybrook Fair, I made my way across the Channel to see all the friends I had left behind me, and, among other things, to tell the reader this little unpretending story.

CAUNTER AND DANIEL'S ORIENTAL ANNUAL.

THIS elegant annual, for 1839, is, we think, much superior in point of literary merit to any of its predecessors; it consists of two East Indian stories, from the pen of the Rev. Hobart Caunter, a gentleman who, to the graces of an accomplished scholar, adds a liveliness of imagination which is well suited for the task of editing Oriental romance. On the present occasion, Mr Caunter has presented a Hindoo Legend, which, for drollery, appears to us worthy of being placed beside some of the happiest stories of the Arabian Nights, while, as an illustration of Brahminical superstitions, it has even a superior value. With the view of inducing a general perusal of the work, and of showing the nature of the horrid superstitions which prevail in India, we offer the following abridged sketch of this legend of the Hindoos:—

The Suniassi is a Brahmin of the highest spiritual order—a devotee who imagines that, by rigid penance and a life devoted to great privations, and absorbed in the severest mental abstractions, he can so discipline his body as to cleanse it from all carnal defilements, and thus at length elevate it to such a state of sublime purity as to fit it for Indra's paradise. It is supposed by the Hindoos that there are four necessary degrees of probation. The first may be entered by the young Brahmin so early as his eighth year, when the preliminary ceremony of putting on the zenar is performed. This badge is a cord composed of three threads, as a memorial of the Trimourti, or three great deities of the Hindoos—the creator, the preserver, and destroyer—under the respective names of Brahma, Vishnoo, and Siva. Having thus entered upon his novitiate, the incipient saint quits his father's house, and is at once placed under the tuition of a Brahmin, who instructs him in all the rites of the sacred order. He is now denied every kind of animal enjoyment: the most perfect purity of conversation and of action is maintained; his youth is passed in the severest mortifications; his days are occupied in prayer, ablutions, and studying the Vedas, or Hindoo scripture; at night he casts himself upon a bed of foul straw, or under the first tree that stands in his path, wrapped in the skin of a tiger or of a stag, the bodies of all other animals being supposed to communicate pollution. This first probationary state continues generally twelve years; in some instances, though these are rare, only five.

The second stage of probation, which immediately succeeds the first, is one of still greater self-denial. The stern novice rises at least two hours before daybreak, and his whole time is passed in the strictest ceremonial observances; he supports life by gleaning in the fields, by undergoing the severest mortifications, or by begging a handful of rice from the casual passenger; and even part of this scanty supply he throws into the fire as an offering to the dead, eating barely sufficient to sustain life, and allowing his body to become painfully emaciated, and often even offensively loathsome.

The third probationary stage is one of still more severe trial than either of the two former. It is hard to conceive how human endurance can support the terrible privations which it exacts, and which must be performed by the candidate for exclusive celestial honours. The devotee retires to the desert, where he passes his days in utter solitude, rendered the more intolerable by the most rigid mortification and the most painful bodily affliction; thus preparing his soul, by holy contemplations, for that state to which it aspires in the Swerga, or eternal paradise. He wraps his withered limbs in the scantiest covering, neither cuts his hair nor pares his nails, sleeps upon the bare ground, fasts all day, and at the approach of night relieves his long and severe abstinence with a few grains of boiled rice. His whole life is one uniform scene of dreadful torture, and he often expires under the frightful severity of his penances, remote from any human habitation, beyond the reach of human sympathy, without a relative to close his eyes, or a friend to receive his last sigh, which relieves him from an existence of lingering agony.

The fourth stage of probation undergone by the fanatical Brahmin, is the state of Suniassi—if possible the most intolerable of all, and rarely attained in the perfection of expurgatorial consummation. The real Suniassi is seldom met with; few are the favoured mortals who rise to this sublime elevation of spiritual spotlessness. It only differs from the third state, in the horrible tortures endured by the aspirant for the Swerga. By the austerity of his life, and the extreme severity of his torments, the Suniassi imagines that he entitles himself to everlasting reward in the sensual heaven of his idolatry, into which the gods themselves cannot refuse him admission. Having paid the price, he claims the reward as a right, which is at once admitted. It is maintained by the Brahmins that a devotee in the fourth stage of probation can, by some mystical act of devotion, dispossess his living body of the spirit, and ascend to the regions of immortal fruition; that he can return at pleasure, and repossess the inanimate but not defunct frame, which acquires additional purity during these intervals of examination.

[In a certain district in the north of India, just within the confines of a forest, in a cavern, under the rude canopy

of a naked rock, a Suniassi might be seen by such as sought the sacred abode of the devotee, performing his daily discipline of spiritual penance. Veramarken, as this fanatic was named, was a prince holding supremacy over a territory of considerable extent, but left the almost entire management of his kingdom to his nephew Vetravenga, and Maldiva his queen. From his solitary retreat he was in the habit of visiting spots of still greater privacy in the jungle, for purposes of mortification and devotion. In these excursions he was accompanied only by a single slave, Youghal, by name, upon whose fidelity he believed he could perfectly depend. Youghal, however, as the story goes, proved one of the most arrant knaves in the prince's dominions. He acted the hypocrite and parasite so effectually, as to impose on the unsuspecting Suniassi, and he resolved to possess himself of his master's secret charm, which had the power of disuniting the soul from the body, so as thereby to enjoy a delight exclusively confined to the highest order of Suniassism; this resolution he confided only to the lovely Mariataly, one of the tribe of the Pariahs, with whom he had formed an attachment. Not long after the return of Veramarken from a visit to his palace, it became evident to his obsequious slave that he meditated one of his aerial journeys out of the body, as his penances had of late been extremely rigid; it being his invariable practice to torture himself with more than usual severity whenever he determined to pay a visit to the gods of his idolatry in their own celestial habitations. Veramarken at length commanded his menial to prepare for a journey to a distant cavern in the midst of a wild rocky jungle, where no interruption could take place to his devotional exercises. The journey was effected with much peril, and the cavern gained.]

For several days the Suniassi continued in the cavern, and only allowed himself a few grains of rice at sunset, washing them down with a single mouthful of fetid water, which had been conveyed from the Ganges at least two months previously, and which was considered spiritually efficacious in proportion to its foulness. He sat hour after hour absorbed in holy meditation, having given orders to his attendant not to appear within the cavern, the hallowed scene of his stern devotion, for at least seven days. This order at once confirmed Youghal in the supposition that his master meditated a flight to the upper world, which determined him to discover, if possible, the secret of Veramarken's spiritual manumission. Imagining the day preceding that to which Veramarken had limited his attendant's entrance into the consecrated cave would probably be the one on which he would disunite body and soul, for the purpose of allowing the latter a flight to the Swerga, Youghal, on the sixth morn, stole stealthily into the sacred retreat of his sovereign, unobserved by the holy penitent, who was at that moment subjecting himself to one of those so-called religious inflictions almost too dreadful for physical endurance. The place was wrapped in solemn gloom, except one corner of the cavern, where a sickly taper, formed of a reed enveloped in flax and dipped in cocoa-nut oil, diffused a faint glimmer that extended not many feet beyond the spot in which it was fixed. The place was only fit to form the lair of the hyena, or to be a sanctuary for the fox-bat. It was so low as scarcely to afford room for a man of ordinary stature to stand upright. From the roof and sides of the cave sharp masses of rock projected, covered with a green coat of slimy matter, clammy and cold to the touch, and offensive to the smell.

The royal penitent was too much absorbed in his devotions to observe the entrance of Youghal, who advanced softly into the dungeon, where he could witness, unperceived, what was going on. Having seated himself upon the damp and slippery earth, he awaited the issue of a scene which he expected would terminate in his master's temporary ascent to Indra's paradise. The Suniassi was lying on his back; underneath his spare emaciated form was an iron frame, covered with spikes about an inch long, sufficiently sharp to irritate severely without puncturing the skin. Upon these he lay, muttering certain mantras of mystical import, whilst his body was racked by inexpressible pangs; still he disdained to utter a cry. On the contrary, he expressed his grateful satisfaction at the ease with which the gods of his idolatry, whom he served with a proud devotion, had blessed him. His eyes were fixed upon the roof of the cavern with a stare of painful intensity; and his flesh seemed to quiver, as if expressing a kind of mute horror at the severity of the torture to which it was subjected: his fingers were pressed firmly against the palms of each hand; and his neck, stretched to its utmost elongation, exhibited every fibre of the anatomical structure with so revolting a distinctness, that the only human witness of this degrading fatuity of superstition felt a thrill of painful disgust creep through his frame, as he cast his eyes upon the haggard and deluded object before him.

The lips of the royal fanatic quivered, and his teeth clenched, with the spiritual agony of the affluents under which he was labouring. He rolled himself upon the iron bed, as if to ascertain whether the spikes were still in contact with his body—for this seemed to be utterly insensible of pain. On a sudden, the fanatic raised his meagre frame from its recumbent position, and, throwing himself prostrate upon the bare earth, repeated deliberately, and with an audible utterance, the mystical and potential mandram. The menial's ear drank in every word as it fell from his master's lips. He thus became possessed of the secret of dispossessing his body of its spiritual occupant, and of taking a journey to the regions of everlasting glory—a privilege which had accrued to his master and sovereign after nearly a life spent in exercising the severest discipline of self-denial and bodily affliction.

No sooner had the Suniassi uttered the potent incantation, than his soul was on its way to the Swerga. His body remained upon the natural floor of the cavern, without either motion or consciousness. Youghal turned it over and over, to make himself sure that it was without a soul, and soon satisfied his anxious mind that it was nothing more than a lump of senseless flesh. The principle of life, however, remained, for the pulse sensibly throbbed, and the breath came feebly, though there was no other sign of animation. Here was, at length, pre-

sented the opportunity so long sought by the slave. He had the power of emancipating himself from the trammels of humanity, and of paying a visit to the divinities whom he professed to worship. He felt by no means easy. Quitting this world was to him altogether such a novelty, that he could not immediately reconcile himself to the thought of undertaking a journey out of the body for the sake of satisfying a mere idle curiosity. This curiosity was like a giant within him: he could not control it. His bosom expanded under its influence, and his heart throbbed with painful acceleration. He was, nevertheless, repelled by his fears from uttering the awful words which had rendered his master a visitor of the omnipotent Indra. Should he likewise avail himself of his newly-acquired power, and travel in the spirit to the unknown world? This was an extremely serious question. He had too much reason to fear that a menial who had spent all his days in merriment and good living would be looked upon as an intruder into the heavenly presences, among whom there was nothing but innocent pleasure, except upon certain occasions where the immunities procured by terrestrial penances allowed of particular indulgences, which would be looked on as heinous offences, if practised by any but those thus specially privileged.

Having balanced all these and sundry other particulars carefully in his mind, Youghal, in spite of the yearnings of curiosity, came finally to the conclusion, that he had better for the present keep the secret of which he had become so fortunately possessed to himself, and use it hereafter as occasion might warrant. Upon casting his eyes, however, on the attenuated frame of his master, it suddenly occurred to him, that if he were to utter the mysterious words which would instantly disengage his essence from the dross of clay by which it was encumbered, he might, in place of aspiring to explore the regions above the firmament—and these he did not feel much ambition at present to survey—cause it to enter the unconscious trunk of the regal Suniassi, and thus advance himself to the dignity of immediate sovereignty, instead of continuing in the humiliating capacity of a bondman. He was transported at the idea, his brain grew dizzy with rapture, and, under the excitement of ambitious anticipations, he pronounced the awful mandram. He had no sooner ended the form of incantation than a sickness overcame him, a palsy seized his limbs, they gradually became powerless, his head drooped, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, his eyes closed, and his spirit, after a severe but brief paroxysm, was disengaged, and transfused into the inanimate form of his master. The latter being now endued with consciousness, its physical powers were restored, and, rising from the earth, the soul of a menial gave animation to the body of a king.

Youghal was for a moment astonished at his sudden transformation; but quickly recovering himself, he looked upon his own vile carcass, and spurned it with contempt. "Well," said he aloud, knowing there was no one present to overhear him, "I venture to say this is the last time the body which now incarcerates my soul shall lie upon spikes. No more starvings, mortifications, and agonies in a jungle cavern! What a change shall be wrought in the dominions of Veramarken the saint! He will wear a jewel in his turban, instead of encasing his sapient head in a greasy skull-cap, unctuous with the sacred exudations of years of pious self-abasement and righteous penance. The Suniassi will henceforward grow fat, or Youghal's love of good feeding must greatly abate with his exaltation—of which, however, the present sharpness of his appetite does not warrant the expectation."

The counterfeited monarch almost lost his wits when he found himself so suddenly transmuted from a slave to a sovereign. He could scarcely trust his senses. He reeled under the weight of rapturous anticipations. Had the fumes of a pint of arrack been at that moment in his brain, he could not have appeared more unlike what he had been just two minutes before. He danced round the cavern with such mad delight, that the scared bats fell about his ears, and obliged him to quit the place of his concealment, covered with foam produced by the extraordinary violence of his exertions. By way of precaution, however—for he did not an instant lose sight of his interests, under the influence of joyous intoxication—before quitting the place of his auspicious transformation, he took a knife from a pocket of the tunic that covered the body which his spirit had so lately quitted, and, having severed the head from the trunk, in order effectually to prevent his soul from taking up its future abode in the corporeal tenement of a slave, he passed the night in sleepless ecstasy at the thought of his happy change, under the broad canopy of the star-studded skies. No sooner did the grey tints of dawn tinge the lofty trees that skirted the jungle to the east, than he rose from the earth, mounted the tatoo, or horse, and proceeded on his journey towards the palace.

[As may be supposed, the conduct of Youghal, in the form of his royal master, was both ridiculous and offensive. As a glutton and a capricious tyrant, he acted in direct contradiction to the former character of the saintly Suniassi, and led every one to imagine that he had become deranged in intellect from excess of physical suffering. With all his enjoyments, however, the fictitious monarch was far from being happy. Mariataly, whom he ordered to be brought from her village home into his presence, rejected his suit with disdain, imagining of course that she was addressed by Veramarken; and the love of the odious tyrant turning to revenge, he forthwith accused her of having murdered Youghal, whose lifeless body would be found in the jungle cavern. And to crown his iniquities, he condemned the innocent maiden to be carried to a distant tomb and buried alive, along with the head and trunk of her lover.]

Meanwhile, the disembodied spirit of the Suniassi, which had been taking its pleasure among the beatified in Indra's paradise, satisfied at length that he had been sufficiently long in such good company for all spiritual purposes, and being anxious to see his queen, whom he had now, as he imagined, grievously pained by too protracted an absence, determined to return to this nether world, resume his body, and, putting off the penitentiary, at least for a season, devote, if not the remainder of his

life, at all events a long interval of it, to those enjoyments from which he had hitherto debarred himself with painful but religious perseverance.

With this determination, Veramarken sought the imperial God of the elements to take a respectful leave, and to thank him for his divine hospitality. Approaching him just as he had descended from the lofty back of his omnipotent elephant Iravaty, whose trunk is a mighty water-spout, his tail a thunder-cloud, and whose tusks are each the axis upon which a planet revolves, the favoured Suniassi respectfully declared his intention of descending to the terrestrial regions, there to reassume his grim form of mortality, and in that sainted image of humanity, expurgated from all carnal impurity, do homage to all the divinities worshipped by devout Hindus.

Having taken a respectful leave of Indra and his celestial consort, the soul of Veramarken quitted the Swerga, shot with the velocity of a sunbeam from a height immeasurably above that of the most distant star visible through the largest telescope, and dropped like a ray of light into the cavern where it had so lately quitted its carnal prison. The spiritual Veramarken looked anxiously round for his body—alas, it was not to be found! The radiance which his soul had imbibed and bore with it from the celestial mansions, filled the entire space with a lambent glow that showed distinctly every object, but the fleshy form of the Suniassi was no where visible. What could have become of it? No beast of prey had devoured it, because it was charmed against the power of wild beasts by the potency of the mandiram. Not being able to discover it, he proceeded into the darkness, for it was now night, and spread like a mist over the neighbouring jungle, hiding the stars and affrighting the superstitious inhabitants scattered here and there through that desert tract, with the apprehensions of evil omens or of coming mischief.

With the dawn, Veramarken renewed his search; but being unable to discover the tenement of flesh which his spirit had so lately quitted, he rose into the air, and, wafted by the gentle breeze, hovered over his capital, uttering no perceptible cry of lamentation, but enduring, nevertheless, all the agony so keenly felt by incorporeal beings when doomed to suffer. He knew not whither to direct his flight in order to be relieved from the torments by which he was overborne. He could not return to the Swerga, having once quitted it, without being again dismissed from his mortal remains by uttering the mandiram, and this could not be done without bodily organs; so that he was now for ever excluded either from living upon earth as a human creature, or dwelling with Indra as a beatified spirit. When the sun had accomplished full a two hours' journey above the horizon, he had the mortifying opportunity of witnessing his own lost body possessed by the soul of his menial, and for the first time made the vexatious discovery that Youghal was a treacherous knave. Of the latter being found in the cavern a headless corpse, together with the narrative of his burial and that of the lovely Pariah, he soon heard from the usual gossip of his domestics. It was the theme of constant conversation, as Youghal had been of so merry a temperament that his loss was seriously felt by every member of the kitchen and domestic offices. The bodiless Suniassi felt exasperated beyond description, though unable to express the vehemence of his emotions at the treachery of his slave, who, he now perceived, must have overheard him utter that solemn form of incantation which produced immediate examination. His soul flitted about from place to place like a noxious exhalation, one while nestling within the petal of a flower, at another dilating its ethereal substance, and spreading over a surface that enabled it to catch at the same moment the conversation of all the palace inmates, from the chamber of state down to the scullery of the royal establishment.

[The most amusing part of the story is now enacted, and consists of the adventures of the wandering spirit of Veramarken, first as a disembodied essence, and then as animating the body of an Indian lory, or parakeet, into which it had been humanely introduced by the goddess Bhavani. In the shape of this beautiful bird, Veramarken resides in the royal palace, watching every opportunity of regaining possession of his body, which is now grown fat and diseased with intemperance, and hardly worth repossessing. At length, the false monarch, helpless with bodily suffering, and constantly dreading assassination from the hands of his abused subjects, determines on once more uttering the potent mandiram, and taking his chance of admission to paradise, but, if rejected, he reasons with himself that he need only return to the body which he had left. In a moment of agonising excitement he uttered the mysterious charm. Instantly his soul was disengaged from the frame of the Suniassi, which that of Veramarken immediately entered. The latter's disappointment, however, was extreme, on finding that he continued an object of revolting deformity. After much distress, this was kindly remedied by the goddess who presided over his destiny, and he once more stood before his amazed queen in all the graces of youthful beauty. To complete his happiness, it appeared that Mariataly, the much abused maiden who had been by Youghal's orders inhumed with his own decaying body, had escaped from the tomb, and was now living as the wife of his nephew Vitavinga. As for the soul of Youghal, it was contumeliously expelled from the entrance to the Swerga, as unfit for its purity.]

The doomed soul, after its rapid descent to earth, upon entering the palace was overwhelmed with consternation at finding the Suniassi had once more occupied his own body, in which he was restored to the confidence both of his queen and of his subjects. The spirit of the menial, after floating about the capital of Veramarken like pestilential miasma, was compelled to enter the trunk of a lean ox, which was daily driven to a well in the suburbs of the city, where it was attached to a rope, and obliged to draw water from morning till night, being sparingly fed and unsparsingly belaboured. Here Youghal daily toiled; the groans of his incarcerated soul were neither pitied nor heeded, and when death released it from one body, it occupied another still lower in the scale of animal existence, and will thus continue until it shall have

completed its cycle of transmigration, when it will take its everlasting abode in the infernal Lohangaraka, over which the implacable Yama presides.

Vitavinga was perfectly happy with his beautiful Mariataly, whom he loved no less for her virtues than for her beauty. She communicated to him the events of her past life with ingenuousness and without disguise. The idea of her having been a Pariah was at first a little repugnant to the high brahminical prejudices of the young Rajah; but when he considered that she had been visited by the omnipotent Vishnoo, who pronounced her to have obtained the state of Brahmachari, or, in other words, to have become a member of the sacred caste of Brahmins, those prejudices at once subsided, never again to be revived. Veramarken associated his nephew in the government, invested him with kingly honours, and declared him his successor in case Maldiva should fail of issue. Nothing could exceed the harmony in which the two families dwelt together. The fame of Veramarken's and Vitavinga's government spread throughout Hindostan. The state soon recovered from the confusion into which it had fallen during the tyrannical administration of Youghal. The laws were administered, justice was dispensed, crime was punished, prosperity once more smiled in the cities, and prolific harvests waved in the fields. The virtues of this happy family, contrasted with the late vices of Youghal, afforded occasion for a pertinent Hindoo proverb:—"The lustre of a virtuous character cannot be defaced, nor the vices of the vicious ever become lucid. A jewel preserves its lustre though trodden in the dirt, but a brass pot, though placed on the head, remains brass still."

DISPENSARIES.

THE general object, and perhaps the general effects, of dispensaries, are so good, that we cannot presume to call them in question without considerable hesitation. Yet the best of human institutions are liable to error, or may be made better; and we are of opinion that dispensaries have now reached that point where some reformation is desirable. They were begun, we believe, with the simple design of affording gratuitous medicine to individuals unable to purchase it. By and bye, besides gratuitous medicine, gratuitous advice, and ultimately gratuitous attendance, were given; so that a dispensary is now neither more nor less than a means by which the poor may obtain all the benefits which they can derive from the physician and druggist, without any call being made upon them for payment. If only the penniless and the miserable enjoyed these benefits, or if no better means could be devised for succouring the sick poor, there would be nothing to blame, but much to praise, in dispensaries. But dispensaries, we fear, have neither of these conditions to rest upon.

It cannot but have been remarked, of late years, in most of our large cities, that dispensaries are the most obtrusive of all charities. Instead of waiting to be desired, like Waller's mistress, they come forth clamorously in quest of objects. It almost appears as if any one who takes advantage of them were conferring, rather than receiving, a favour. An increase of patients in the yearly report of the directors is as gratifying to these gentlemen, as if it were a measure of the weal, instead of the woe, of their fellow-creatures. What is the cause or meaning of all this? Simply that dispensaries are now less designed as a succour to the distressed, than as a means of giving experience to young physicians, and enabling them to slide into practice.

With such a solicitude, on the part of the conductors of dispensaries, for patients, a limitation of the benefits of those institutions to really necessitous persons is quite inconsistent. It is not therefore surprising that, gradually, for some years past, the benefits of dispensaries have been going upwards in society, and that many now take advantage of them who, not long ago, would have endeavoured to pay for both medicine and attendance. We have heard many of the physicians connected with dispensaries allude to this fact, and express their surprise at it; not remarking, apparently, that the ultra-liberality of their own institutions was the very cause why persons in tolerable circumstances condescended to take gratuitous medicine and advice. In a pamphlet lately published in Manchester,* some facts are given which show the progress of the system in a very striking light. It is mentioned, for instance, that the dispensary patients of that town, from 12,000 out of a population of 158,000 in 1821, advanced in 1831 to 41,000 out of a population of 230,000; an increase of fully two for one. In Birmingham and Leeds, we are told, the results are precisely similar, for the circumstances and causes have been the same. As, in Manchester, only one person in three is so ill in the course of a year as to require medical attendance, or about 80,000 in all, the dispensary patients appear as exceeding in number those who pay for advice. Even allowing that a large proportion of the sick of such a town must be of the poor, rather than of the rich, it is not conceivable that one-half of them are positively unable to pay. Out of the 41,000 there must be a very large number who could pay something, but who, from the vitiating of principle produced by an ill-administered beneficence, have come to be not unwilling to take this benefit at the expense of others.

If it be true that it is better for men to depend on themselves than upon their fellow-creatures—if it be true that all mendicancy in whatever shape has a demoralising effect—we cannot but feel some anxiety to correct a system which is producing the results above

* An Essay on Dispensaries. By P. H. Holland, Surgeon. Love and Barton.

described. What is desirable is, that, while the really necessitous are provided for by public charity, some plan should be adopted whereby medical attendance should be given, at such a rate as can be afforded, to the large class who are liable to be vitiated by the existing system—those, namely, who, though unable perhaps to give regular fees, are yet able to make some species of remuneration to their medical attendant. Such a plan is already realised in operation in several English towns, particularly, we are informed, in Derby and Coventry. It partakes of the nature of Mutual Insurance Life Societies, but does not at the same time exclude the beneficence of the wealthy. The institutions on this principle are styled Provident Dispensaries. They are limited strictly to the class who are unable to fee medical attendants in the ordinary way, but who are yet anxious to keep themselves in all respects above the condition of paupers. Individuals wishing to belong to these provident dispensaries must join when in good health, as otherwise the provident character of the institution could not be maintained. One penny a-week is paid for every adult of the family, and a halfpenny for every dependent child. A committee of the honorary members—that is, the individuals who contribute in the spirit of kindness—manage the proceeds, from which they pay the medical men and purchase the necessary medicines. Thus, when illness happens, a member of the Provident Dispensary obtains the best medicine and the best advice and treatment, as a matter of right, instead of being degraded in his own esteem by resorting, for these benefits, to a public charity. It is very remarkable, as if there were a blessing on every thing that tends to upbear and fortify moral principle in man's bosom, that the expenses of these institutions are relatively less than those of ordinary dispensaries. According to the reports of various dispensaries, one thousand pounds yield relief to four, or at the utmost five thousand patients; but, by the report of the Coventry Provident Dispensary, not much more than two hundred pounds are required for the same purpose. It is further remarkable, and more than gratifying, that a diminution of the applications for parochial relief has been found in every place where Provident Dispensaries have been instituted, the system thus appearing to have a general good effect upon the condition of the people.

Being only desirous of stimulating inquiry into this subject, we shall not, for the present at least, pursue it further. Ample information may be obtained in Mr Holland's pamphlet, and in a work which he quotes, entitled *Essays on Charitable Institutions*.

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

AMSTERDAM.

ON looking from the higher parts of Haarlem in an easterly direction, the numerous lofty spires of Amsterdam are visible on the horizon, at a distance of ten miles. They appear as if rising from the farther shore of the large expanse of water already adverted to by the name of the Haarlem Sea. This sea, or inland lake of brackish water, is an excrescence or offshoot from the Zuyder Zee, which, as is well known, is a great inlet or gulf of the German Ocean. The Zuyder Zee first sends off a channel of about a mile broad, usually called the river Ai, on the south side of which Amsterdam is built; the channel of the Ai proceeds in a westerly direction, and expands first into a large lake, and then sends off a shoot to the south, which forms the Sea of Haarlem. The whole of these intricate waters are the result of bursts of the ocean upon the land in former times. The Sea of Haarlem was formed by an inundation at the end of the sixteenth century, which transformed four small lakes into one sheet of water, and, overflowing the surrounding country, laid several villages waste and destroyed much valuable property. Since that period, the Haarlem Sea has existed in its present form. It extends to a circumference of thirty-three miles, and stretches up the country to within a short distance of Leyden, where it is named the Leyden Sea. It is generally shallow, except in the middle, and is easily agitated by winds, which drive the waves with great fury against the dykes that are erected round its shores. On account of the danger of squalls on its surface, it is very little used for navigation. Its overplus waters find an artificial outlet by the Rhine at Katwyk. Various schemes have been devised for expelling the whole mass, and leaving at least fifty thousand acres of land open to agriculture, but nothing effectual has ever been done.

In travelling from Haarlem to Amsterdam, the land on both sides of the way consists at first of flat green meadows, but after proceeding a few miles, the Ai lake on the left, and the Haarlem sea on the right, approach so closely to each other, that the traveller has some little fear that the road will ultimately terminate in the water, and the diligence will have to swim its way on to Amsterdam. The existence of a regular highway in the midst of such a scene of water,

is almost inconceivable; and we are reminded that the only other land communication of the same description was that which existed at the ancient city of Mexico, through the lake of Texcoco. To make the resemblance the more complete, both roads are equally celebrated as the battle-ground of Spanish invaders. The road from Haarlem, which proceeds in an almost straight line to Amsterdam, consists of a brick-paved causeway running along the top of a broad dyke, and which, about half way between the two cities, crosses a bridge over the channel which connects the Ai lake with the Haarlem sea. Here also are situated sluices and gauge posts for regulating the height of the innermost water, and so preventing, as far as possible, any new inundation.

One half of the wonder of the road from Haarlem to Amsterdam has yet to be revealed. On the left hand side, all the way between the two places, there is a canal for barges and trekschuiten. At first this canal gets on pretty well through the meadow grounds, but after a time it becomes desperately hampered with the Ai lake, and finally merges in the lake altogether; a distinction is still, however, kept up in its course by a row of strong posts, to prevent the heavy waves of the Ai, during storms, from dashing against the road. As the diligence rattled along the paved causeway, and carried us through this singular scene of land and water, we were amused to observe that the Dutch are actually forming a railway on the farther side of the canal, to connect Haarlem with Amsterdam. It is obvious that nothing in the form of water or quagmire can daunt the perseverance of this remarkable people. We observed that they were constructing the embankment on the spongy ground by means of a mixture of earth and brushwood, the materials being brought to the spot by barges on the canal; but how they propose to arrange matters when they come to the lake, unless they put their railway on stilts, is beyond the reach of my imagination.

Day was declining in the west as we drove over the latter part of the way, and entered the streets of Amsterdam, which is the largest town in Holland, and at present contains about 220,000 inhabitants. Rotterdam, with its havens, its wooden draw-bridges, and its lines of trees, had prepared me for the appearance of this large city; nevertheless, I found myself in the midst of a scene of considerable novelty and interest. As has been already mentioned, Amsterdam stands on the southern bank of the Ai, a neck of sea inferior in breadth to the Mersey at Liverpool, but possessing all the appearance of a navigable firth. The quays and piers rise sheer out of the water, so as to afford the greatest facility for the shipment of goods from the warehouses. The country on the opposite bank is bare, with a few houses at a ferry, and will come under our notice by and bye. The figure of Amsterdam is that of a large semicircle, with its straight side on the Ai, and extending two or three miles inland. The river Amstel, from which the town takes its name, intersects it diagonally from the south, and assists in filling the numerous havens in the streets. The cingel or exterior belt of water, pursues a zig-zag line round the sites of ancient bastions, which are now crowned with windmills; and the ramparts being levelled, space is afforded for public walks of the usual agreeable character.

It is beyond the power of any writer to convey a correct idea of the apparently inextricable maze, or rather the bewildering confusion, of land and water in this remarkable city. So much is the town interwoven with havens, that the ground is cut up into ninety-five islands or detached blocks, which are connected with each other by two hundred and ninety bridges. The principal havens, called here grachten, are from a hundred to a hundred and forty feet wide, and extend in semicircular curves one after the other through the town. In consequence of this peculiar arrangement, the traveller, after entering at one of the outports, is compelled to cross a number of broad harbours, before he reaches his place of destination at the interior. In making the necessary deflections in passing from gracht to gracht, all recollection of points of the compass vanishes, and the impression sinks into his mind that he is wandering in a labyrinth, from which it is impossible to escape by his own unassisted efforts.

All the houses are built of brick, and generally rise to a height of four or five stories, with fantastic pointed gables in front. Instead of rising smooth from the street, as at Rotterdam, many have a sunk cellar story, which is inhabited by persons following some humble trade, or is occupied as a paltry shop. Above

is the main dwelling, reached by a few outside steps; and the common practice prevails, of having back courts with wide entrances, for carrying on extensive mercantile concerns. Little or no freestone is seen here or any where else in Holland. Door-steps, flag-stones, and monumental tablets, are usually of a hard blue stone, of the limestone order, which is largely imported for these purposes, and has a disagreeable coldness in its aspect. Many of the houses are constructed in an elegant style, with splendid interior decorations, suitable as the residences of wealthy merchants, but no street that I observed can be described as possessing a general appearance above that of Wapping, or any similar part of London. All classes of inhabitants seem to be desirous of making their dwellings look as like warehouses as possible. Almost every house has a piece of timber projecting from the wall over the uppermost window in the gable, to which a pulley apparatus may be fixed for the purpose of hauling up fuel or articles of furniture to the top story. This causes the upper floors of the houses to resemble the grain lofts which one is accustomed to see in sea-port towns, and an air of meanness is thus communicated to the whole city. All the houses are erected on piles of wood driven into the soft ground; but so insufficient is this precaution in giving stability, that many of the buildings, as at Rotterdam, lean considerably from the perpendicular, and seem as if about to fall into the streets. About sixteen years ago, a large warehouse containing a heavy weight of corn was unable to keep itself above ground, and went down like a stone half sunk in the mud. The same arrangement exists here as at Rotterdam, respecting the growing of lines of trees, and paving with brick on the quays; but so narrow is the roadway between the houses and the water, that in some of the most respectable streets a coach cannot conveniently turn round.

Formerly, the channels of the havens were, from some tidal influences, frequently offensive; but this, I believe, has been remedied, and now the havens are kept uniformly full of water, against which no serious complaint can be raised. This liquid, however, is unfit for drinking; and therefore, although situated amidst so much water, few towns are so ill supplied with this indispensable article of daily use as Amsterdam. The deficiency is partly supplied by rain water collected from the roofs of the houses, and partly by means of carts which bring water from a neighbouring river. Seltzer water, a sparkling fluid imported in stone bottles from Germany, is pretty generally consumed at table by the more opulent classes, and, with the cheap wines and brandies of France, leaves little cause for discontent to those who follow the Dutch mode of living. Judging from these various peculiarities of character, it will doubtless appear to the reader that Amsterdam is any thing but a comfortable or agreeable place of residence. The stranger, indeed, feels surprised that human beings can willingly choose to live in it, and that they are able to preserve their health in such a humid climate. There is a buoyancy of mind, however, which leads mankind to disregard physical annoyances, when they are animated with love of country, or of political and religious freedom, and above all, inspired with hopes of pecuniary advantage. Amsterdam in its swamp, is the freest town in the world. It has for ages been a city of refuge to the oppressed of all nations; and therein lies the main cause of its existence and its prosperity.

From the condition of a fishing village on the Amstel, in the thirteenth century, Amsterdam (or Amstelridam, as it was originally called) rose, under the fostering privileges of the Counts of Flanders, to be a commercial town of considerable importance; and the establishment of the Dutch independence so greatly accelerated its prosperity, that, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, it had attained the first rank as a maritime city. It became the entrepôt of commerce, ships visited it from all nations, its merchants were famed for their honesty and frugality, and its bank enabled it to take the lead in the great pecuniary concerns of Europe. During this period of prosperity, its burgomasters exercised a power hardly less influential on the fate of Holland, than that of the stadtholder, or president of the republic. Their civic establishment, or stadthouse, which included the bank of Amsterdam, still survives, and is more magnificent, even in its altered condition, than any royal palace in England. The bank of Amsterdam was an institution of so much importance in its day, that it well deserves a passing notice.

The bank of Amsterdam was established in 1609, under the guarantee of the city, and in one respect was a department of the municipal economy. Its chief object was to remedy the defects of the currency of Europe generally, which consisted of mutilated coins and imperfect standards of value. The bank received deposits of coin or bullion at its true value, and gave credit for the same. The amount credited was called bank money, for which receipts were issued, and formed a commodious paper currency. The profits of the bank consisted in certain charges made for keeping the deposited bullion, and in negotiating accounts and bills. Adam Smith, in describing the institution, mentions that about 2000 persons kept accounts with it, and that, in all likelihood, the aggregate amount of bullion these persons had deposited was three millions of pounds sterling. "At Amsterdam (says he) no point of faith is better established, than that for every guilder circulated as bank money, there is a cor-

respondent guilder in gold or silver to be found in the treasure of the bank. The city is guarantee that it should be so. The bank is under the direction of the four reigning burgomasters, who are changed every year. Each new set of burgomasters visits the treasure, compares it with the books, receives it upon oath, and delivers it over with the same awful solemnity to the set which succeeds, and in that sober and religious country oaths are not yet disregarded. A rotation of this kind seems alone a sufficient security against any practices which cannot be avowed. Amidst all the revolutions which faction has ever occasioned in the government of Amsterdam, the prevailing party has at no time accused their predecessors of infidelity in the administration of the bank. No accusation could have affected more deeply the reputation and fortunes of the disgraced party; and if such an accusation could have been supported, we may be assured that it would have been brought." Such is the flattering picture presented by Smith of the integrity of this celebrated institution; and it is to be regretted, both for the sake of his character as an acute writer, and also the character of the Dutch, that the directors should have abused their sacred trust, and secretly given out the money committed to their charge. This startling fact was disclosed in 1795, when the French invaded Holland. The provisional government of the city announced, that, during the last fifty years, the directors had successively advanced upwards of ten millions of florins to the Dutch East India Company, the provinces of Holland and West Friesland, and the city of Amsterdam. This declaration ruined the credit of the establishment; the bank of the immaculate burgomasters became bankrupt; and Amsterdam cannot be said to have held up its head as a money market ever since.

In setting out on an excursion through the streets of Amsterdam on the morning after our arrival, the first object of attraction was the edifice which had at one period served as the stadthouse and bank. It occupies a conspicuous situation in an open space on the east side of one of the main havens or grachten, and is a vast square stone structure, bearing a resemblance to the front of Somerset House in London. Its exterior exhibits several rows of windows interspersed with pilasters, and a pediment in the front, surmounted by a handsome turret, on the top of which is placed a colossal figure of Atlas, with the globe on his shoulders. All round on the basement story is a row of small windows, which give light to the lobbies and passages leading to the upper floors. The centre of the structure is open with two narrow courts, but the only use of these is to light the inner side of the large halls and galleries. The building was erected between the years 1644 and 1648, and it is said to stand upon 13,695 piles of wood. Until 1808, it remained as a stadthouse for the burgomasters and other civic authorities, and was then converted into a royal palace by Louis Bonaparte. Latterly, it has formed one of the palaces of the king of Holland, when he visits this part of his dominions. The main door of the house not being opened except on state occasions, we were admitted by a public entrance on the side next the haven, and thence conducted by an attendant to the show-rooms above. The vaulted passages through which we pass towards the staircase are gloomy and prison-like, being over the vaults once used as the bank treasury; and it is only on gaining the top of a broad stair that the princely character of the mansion is developed. All the accounts which I have seen fall considerably short of a true description of the place. In the present day, the house is much shorn of its magnificence, on account of certain extensive galleries having been intersected with modern patchwork partitions, in order to increase the number of apartments; still the appearance is both tasteful and grand. That which most strikes the eye of an English stranger, is the profusion of white and veined marble—marble floors, marble walls, and ornaments of sculptured marble over the doors of the various apartments. These ornaments have been executed by artists of much skill and fancy. Each tablet of figures is designed to be emblematic of the business to which the room within was originally devoted. Over the door of what was the secretary's chamber is a human figure of small size, with a finger pressed on the closed lips, significant of silence; and over that which was the registry of bankrupts, is the figure of a falling angel, and also of rats escaping from a sinking ship. After being led through a suite of elegant rooms, furnished as private apartments for the king, we entered the public audience chamber, the walls of which are hung with light green satin, and embellished with some large modern pictures by Wappers, Vlink, and Ball. One of these paintings represents Van Speyk, a heroic young Dutch sailor, in the act of advancing to blow up his vessel, rather than let it fall into the hands of the Belgians. This intrepid, or, properly speaking, mad action, which took place a few years ago, is still the theme of universal admiration among the Dutch. There are Van Speyk songs, Van Speyk dresses, Van Speyk hotels and taverns—in short, the name of Van Speyk is heard and seen everywhere, and has attained a distinction as great as that of Tromp and other luminaries of the seventeenth century. It is curious to consider what a local affair greatness often is. Here is a person who is almost deified by a whole nation, situated within a day's sail of England, and yet we know hardly any thing about him; many of us, indeed, never before heard his name. What if some of

our great men, whose fame we presume to be over the whole earth, were in the same manner never heard of beyond the shores of our own little island? The idea is humiliating.

Elegant as is the king's audience chamber, it is not worthy of a moment's consideration in comparison with the grand hall into which we were next introduced. This magnificent apartment measures fifty-six feet in breadth, by a hundred and twenty feet in length, and is a hundred feet high from the floor to the ceiling. The lofty walls are built in compartments with white Italian marble, and the doorways are lavishly embellished with sculptured figures, on a scale much more imposing than those of the smaller rooms. A light balustrade goes round the walls at about two thirds of their height, above which is a row of windows to admit light to the interior. For light during evening entertainments, several massive cut crystal lustres hang from the roof, and round the balustrade are disposed three hundred lamps. The general effect produced by the appearance of the hall is inconceivably grand, and the stranger is astonished when he is informed that in former times the apartment formed the vestibule or public waiting room of those who attended the levees of the burghomasters. In these times of Amsterdam's burghal glory, the floor was of the same marble material as the walls; but as the place now forms a ball-room of the palace, the marble pavement has been covered with boards. During the short reign of Louis Bonaparte, the room formed the Salle de Trône, by which name it is still known. On taking our departure from the mansion, I felt assured that I had now seen the most magnificent mansion in modern Europe, and that in future I need give myself no further trouble to go palace-visiting.

At a short distance to the north, on the same open space of ground, stands the New Kirk of Amsterdam, which, notwithstanding its name, is upwards of four hundred years old. It is a Gothic structure of aged appearance, but is so much surrounded with parasitical buildings as to be deficient in dignity. The interior, which has been called the Westminster Abbey of Holland, is vast and imposing. Originally it contained thirty-four altars, all of which have been swept away along with other insignia of the Romish worship. The furniture of the Presbyterian service, as usual, occupies only the centre of the nave, and is remarkable for its antique massiveness; the pulpit is particularly fine, being of old black oak, most elaborately carved all over with figures. The walls of the side aisles, and of the choir, are in different places embellished with elegant monumental structures in white marble, both of an old and recent date. Among the newest, and most chaste in point of design, is one erected to the memory of Van Speyk, near the principal entrance. The great attraction is the monument of De Ruyter, the famous Dutch admiral (killed 1676), which is placed against the end wall of the choir, and exceeds those of the admirals whom I formerly noticed. The figure of the hero in white marble is seen lying on its back on the top of a sarcophagus, while above is the representation in relief of a naval engagement, and all round a plentiful decoration of emblematic figures blowing horns, and objects of a warlike character. A long inscription in Latin beneath, concludes with the words "Immensi Tremor Oceani"—the Terror of the Immense Ocean. Among the other monuments to Dutch naval commanders of lesser celebrity, may be noticed those of Van Galen, Bentinck, Sweers, and Kinsbergen. I regret to say that the church which contains these and many other valuable memorials of a nation's respect for departed worth, is kept in an exceedingly dirty condition, and reflects little credit on the taste of its present possessors. We observed also that the very improper practice of interring the dead is still continued in it, a burial having taken place in the floor of one of the transepts while we were inspecting the building.

Amsterdam contains a number of other churches of much interest, from their history and decorations. The Old Kirk, dedicated to St Nicholas, is particularly worthy of a visit, on account of its containing three beautifully-painted windows, which were spared by the early reformers. According to an anecdote related by the writer of the Family Tour in Holland, two of these windows were the gift of a wealthy burghmaster, of the name of Claas Van Hoppen. "Claas was accused of heresy, and of favouring the new or reformed religion. The priests and his confessor threatened him with excommunication unless he recanted, and immediately undertook a pilgrimage to Rome, to obtain absolution from the Pope, who had no doubt previously been made acquainted with his wealthy circumstances, and also that he was a *bon vivant*. The penance imposed on him by his Holiness was, that he should make a present of two painted windows to the church of St Nicholas, and that for one whole year he should drink nothing but water. The expense of the glass windows was but a trifle to a man of his great wealth; but having never been a water-drinker, he felt convinced of his inability to fulfil that part of his punishment. He therefore solicited a second audience, at which he acquainted his Holiness that the water of Amsterdam was so unwholesome that nobody drank it plain; and all he requested was to be permitted to add a few grains of corn to correct its impurities, or he feared that he should die before the windows were finished. The Pope assented to this reasonable request, and Claas Van Hoppen took good care to malt his water well. The corner in which these windows are, is called

the Vrowen Koir, or women's choir, there being a great number of female figures painted in the act of prayer. The arms also of the Van Hoppen family are painted on the glass, and carved also on a tombstone," which afford some reason for believing that the story of Claas's punishment is not without a foundation in truth.

Many of the church spires of Amsterdam have a globular termination, resembling the bulged turrets of temples and mosques in eastern nations. This peculiarity of construction, which is common all over the Netherlands, is understood to have been derived from the Spaniards, who copied it from the works of Moorish architects.

THE MONTYON PRIZES.

ANTOINE DE MONTYON was born at Paris, on the 23d of December 1733. From his youth upward, the life of Montyon was spent in serving the public and doing good to the poor. In 1768, he was appointed to the government of Auvergne, and speedily obtained the love, respect, and gratitude of the inhabitants of that province, whom he saved on one occasion from the miseries of a severe famine, and bound to himself by many other obligations. To make room for some ministerial creatures of the day, he was first shifted from the government of Auvergne to that of Marseilles, from Marseilles afterwards to Rochelle, and finally lost his official situations altogether.

This occurred some few years previous to the breaking out of the revolution in 1789. The reduction of M. Montyon to a private station only gave him the more leisure to devote to the service of the poor among his fellow-countrymen, who were ever the objects of his especial attention and care. Being one of those who "Did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame," he founded, without allowing his name to be known, a prize "for the reward of virtuous conduct among the poor," charging the French Academy with the task of awarding it. While he was meditating other schemes of utility, the Revolution broke out, and M. Montyon was reluctantly obliged to fly; his birth, ample fortune, and the high stations he had filled, rendering it impossible that he should have escaped the guillotine, had he remained. He passed the period of danger partly at Geneva, and partly at London, and finally returned to France, to resume the plans of benevolence which had been unwillingly broken off. His leading idea was still the *establishment of funds for rewarding humble virtue*, and also for remunerating all labourers in the task of improving and benefiting the poorer classes. The French Academy and the Academy of Sciences were the two bodies to which he entrusted the distribution of certain fixed annual prizes, leaving to the same agents the power of allotting other funds to such purposes as time and occasion might show to be proper and fitting.

The fixed yearly prizes which the academies have the task of awarding, are the following:—One prize to any person that shall have discovered "a plan for rendering any mechanical art less unhealthy." Secondly, a prize to any one who shall have made, within the year, "a decided improvement in the arts of medicine and surgery." Thirdly, a prize to any person, in humble life, who shall have performed, within the year, "the most virtuous action," in the estimation of the judges. Fourthly, a prize to the author of "the treatise most conducive to good conduct among the people." A fifth prize is assigned to the best work on "Statistics." These prizes, as has been said, are annual. M. Montyon also left separate funds to the hospitals of the twelve wards of Paris, in order that pecuniary assistance may be afforded to poor persons on leaving these establishments. It is, however, with the funds in the hands of the academies, with their mode of distribution, and with their effects on the condition of the lower classes of the community, that we wish at present to make our readers acquainted, as the assignment of private funds in such a way is novel, if not unique.

The academies neglect no means of acquitting themselves worthily of the task allotted to them by the benevolent Montyon. Every year they receive, from all parts of France, accounts of different virtuous acts, that seem to the reporters to merit a share of the rewards which the academies have to bestow; and these accounts are usually testified by the local authorities, or by respectable and competent private witnesses. The most meritorious of these cases are selected for reward, and at the yearly academical sittings the directors announce the names of the parties to whom the prizes have been assigned, celebrating at the same time, in eloquent addresses, the virtuous acts which have led to these decisions. Moreover, an annual pamphlet is published, containing a recital of the most prominent instances of merit which have come before the academies for the year. This pamphlet is sent to the provincial authorities, and by them distributed over the country. Since the death of M. Montyon in 1820, the system now described has been regularly pursued, and must, beyond all doubt, have wrought out much good in various ways. The examples of virtuous conduct, exhibited in the pamphlets mentioned, are in

many cases too touching to have failed of producing the best effects on all who perused them. Some of these cases of humble merit we shall present to our readers, as they appear in the reports of the French Academy.

The curate of St-John-St-Francis recommended to the academy the wife of a water-carrier, named Jacquemin, who gained about thirty-five sous a-day, wherewith to support the whole family, which consisted of three children, one of whom was dumb and weakly. The wife of Jacquemin had come to the curate to solicit assistance for an indigent, infirm female, who had lost two fingers, and was incapable of gaining her bread. "Where does this female live?" said the curate. "In our house," replied the wife of the water-carrier. "How long has she been with you?" "Nearly eleven months," was the answer. "What does she pay you in the month or in the day?" "Nothing." "How! nothing? My good woman, you cannot, if you have told me rightly, have the means of making such a sacrifice as this." "Oh, since she has been with us, sir, I have just spinned out our soup, and she eats along with us," replied the woman. "But," said the curate, "she must at least have promised to repay you at some day?" "She has promised nothing—nothing but her prayers." "And your husband—does he not grumble at this?" "My husband says nothing; he is so good!" "Does he not go to the tavern?" "Never! He works—he kills himself for his children!" "Ten months she has been with you, you say?" "Yes. She was in our street, and asked an asylum with me for two or three days; and Jacquemin and I, we never had the heart to bid her go. Jacquemin said besides, that we should always do as we would be done by." "But, my good woman, what lodging have you?" "Two rooms." "What do you pay for them?" "I paid one hundred and twenty francs; but they have raised the rent twenty francs more, and that is eight sous a-day." "It seems to me, good woman," said the curate, "that it is for yourself you ought to seek assistance, and not for others." "I have bread, sir, for my children," said the water-carrier's wife, "and ask nothing, thanks to God. So long as my husband and I can work, I should blush to beg anything for ourselves." "Here, my honest woman, are ten francs," said the curate, "for ——" "Oh! how happy," cried the woman, "will poor Madame Petrel be!" Tears of joy ran over the cheeks of this charitable creature, as she departed with the donation. It was to herself (continues the curate) that I wished to give the ten francs, but I could not attempt to explain her benevolent error. The wife of Jacquemin the water-carrier was not left unrewarded by the academical dispensers of M. Montyon's beneficence.

Another case of humble merit—doing good for its own sake, and dreaming neither of notice nor recompense—was that of Antoine Martin, a man who had entered the army when very young. Discharged soon after in 1815, he immediately married. The family of his wife consisted of an infirm mother and three blind infant brothers, who were in a very indigent state. The young soldier, become the adopted son of one, and the brother of the rest of these persons, regarded himself as bound in all time coming to provide for their wants. He had still in his possession the six thousand francs which he had earned by entering the army as a substitute, and he felt happy in devoting a large part of this sum to the erection of a cottage for the family. The addition of three children to his charge, and the scarcity of the years 1817 and 1818, unfortunately swallowed up the whole balance of his little capital. His own manual labours henceforth became the sole support of the family, as the care of an aged mother, three young infants, and her three blind brothers, left no time to Martin's wife to contribute to their maintenance by her own exertions.

Antoine Martin was able to gain only twenty sous a-day; but his sensitive delicacy and nobleness of soul, as well, perhaps, as some touch of a soldier's pride, would not permit him to think of the sightless brothers of his wife coming upon the charity of the public. In the extremity of the famine, he would have thought himself deserving of reproach had he permitted his family to eat the bread of others. He preferred to distribute among them all the bread he so dearly earned, at the risk of himself falling through inanition—which, indeed, happened more than once to him in the middle of his daily toils. No man ever heard Antoine complain of his sufferings, or boast of his exertions; and his noble and patient devotedness, persevered in for ten years, would have been unknown beyond the circle of his immediate neighbourhood, had not humanity led an excellent man and surgeon into Martin's cottage, with the view of restoring the power of vision to the three blind brothers. The surgeon failed in this endeavour, but he did not fail in his object when he laid before the academy a detail of Martin's career, and recommended him to their notice. The academy decreed to him a prize of ten thousand francs.

These, it may be said, are merely instances of virtues, visible frequently in every-day life. But this is, in fact, the great merit of Montyon's foundations, that they reward, not so much individual and isolated acts

* As *sou* and *franc* are coins mentioned more than once in this paper, it is proper to explain that a *sou* equals a halfpenny, and a *franc* tenpence, of British money.

of heroism that call down the admiration of all, as those humbler deservings which too often pass unnoticed by mankind, or, when observed, are held in little account. We may notice one other case, to illustrate more fully the objects to which the attention of the academists is turned in awarding the Montyon prizes for "virtuous acts," which prizes are those immediately under consideration. Marie-Louise Raymond, a young orphan girl, had the misfortune to form an acquaintance with a married man, whom she did not know to be such. She gave birth to a child, and having then discovered the wedded condition of her betrayer, never rose from her bed of sickness. The wife of a poor tailor named Laverdin was the sole friend whom she had in her distress, and to this woman the unfortunate girl bequeathed her innocent offspring with her dying lips. Dame Laverdin promised to be a mother to the boy, and she became so. Her husband willingly joined her in the good work. They sent the child to nurse, and when he was seventeen months old, took him home with them, and brought him up. By hard pinching they gave him an excellent education, and afterwards expended their savings of five hundred francs to get him apprenticed to an engraver. They did not tell Raymond, which was his usual name, till his twelfth year that he was not their son, but they then told him, it being the period of his first communion. Raymond took the intelligence much to heart, and was confined to bed for some time solely on account of it. But his health returned, and he pursued his occupation till he became a good workman, and was able to maintain himself without being a charge to his good friends. But he did not forget all they had done for him. Poor Laverdin, the tailor, was struck with palsy, and it required nearly his wife's whole time to attend to him. Now the turn of Raymond came to show his gratitude to the humble pair, who for so many years had imposed on themselves every kind of privation, to give him the means of support and well-doing. Nor did Raymond shrink from the call. At the outset, in order to give himself the right of testifying his affection more fully, he entreated Laverdin and his wife to permit him to take and bear their name. He wished to be adopted by them in the regular legal form. They at first refused, telling him that this could add nothing to their mutual affection, and that the expense would be thrown away, as they had no possessions to leave him, no inheritance to give; but, at last, they gave in to his entreaties, and Raymond paid a large sum for the process of acquiring a legal right to be the son of, and to work for, his old friends. Perhaps never was adoption purchased under such purely disinterested circumstances, and the promise which this act gave he did not disappoint. Such was the sense which the French Academy had of his conduct, and that of the Laverdins—the one party to the other—that one of the most valuable prizes was decreed to them.

These instances will give a sufficient idea of the "virtuous acts" which Montyon and his administrators have it in view to reward. The other classes of prizes have been distributed in a manner not less laudable. Besides treatises on matters tending to improve the circumstances and morals of the humbler orders, others of wider and more general view have been called forth by the academy. The "Treatise on Political Economy" of M. Jean-Baptiste Say, the "Treatise on Legislation" of M. Charles Comte, the work on "Penitentiary Systems" of M. Charles Lucas, the "Family Letters" and "Letters on Education" of Madame Guizot, "Counsels to Young Women" of Madame Campan, and the "Essay on Female Education" of Madame Rémusat, form examples of the works which the academy patronises. Nor are the prizes unworthy of the exertion of high talent. In 1827, 1828, and 1829, in which years the academy named subjects, the prizes were successively six thousand, eight thousand, and ten thousand francs. The dissemination of these works has been extensive, and the beneficial effects produced by them not less so.

We have no space to advert to further particulars relative to the Montyon prizes. But we have said enough, we trust, to prove that Montyon's foundations are worthy of all praise and imitation. With every respect for collegiate and academical endowments, we believe, that if a part of the ample funds which have been bound up in such ways in this country had been applied to the improvement of the classes for whom Montyon cared and provided, the ultimate benefit to the people and the empire would have been much greater than it has been under existing circumstances. The growth of the social every-day virtues among the humbler classes of the community, on whom the peace, the industry, and the security of a nation so much depend, forms a most legitimate object of attention and anxious care. Montyon's conduct, therefore, is worthy of being a model to all the wealthy who feel themselves in a proper situation for making endowments, with the view of promoting the lasting benefit of their fellow-creatures.

PUBLIC WORKS IN SWEDEN.

The Swedish government has recently published a military map, in which are figured the works of public utility, commenced, continued, or finished under the reign of the present king, Charles Jean Bernadotte. There are fifteen canals, eight ports and piers, eight roads, nine lines of defence, the expense of which has amounted to 77,177,695 francs, all furnished (without borrowing) by the royal treasury.—*Athenaeum*.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

[The following admirable lines, by an American lady, a member of the Society of Friends, lately appeared in the *Sunday Times*. We are told that the poem was found in the cottage of a tippling gardener in the United States, and that it had not only "won him from the noisy tap-room to his own domestic hearth," but that "the judicious distribution of this poem in the proper *locales* did real good, for the argument was understood, and went home to the hearts of every tippling and tripping American who either heard or read it." They are worthy of the most serious consideration of all classes, but especially of those persons in the humbler ranks of life, who are most exposed to the temptations here noticed.]

"You took me, William, when a girl, unto your home and heart,
To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part;
And tell me have I ever tried that duty to forego,
Or pined there was not joy for me when you were sunk in woe?
No; I would rather share your tear than any other's glee,
For though you're nothing to the world, you're ALL THE WORLD TO ME.
You make a palace of my shed, this rough-hewn bench a throne,
There's sunlight for me in your smiles, and music in your tone.
I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears grow dim,
I cry, 'Oh Parent of the Poor, look down from heaven on him;
Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength and soul;
Oh look with mercy on him, Lord, for thou canst make him whole!'
And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smil'd,
How oft are they forbade to close in slumber by our child?
I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest,
And feel it is a part of thee I hush upon my breast.
There's only one return I crave, I may not need it long,
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no wrong:
I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind;
I ask not for less frugal fare, my fare I do not mind;
I ask not for attire more gay—if such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not.
But I would ask some share of hours that you on clubs bestow,
Of knowledge which you prize so much, might I not something know?
Subtract from meetings amongst men each eve an hour for me,
Make me companion of your soul, as I may safely be.
If you will read, I'll sit and work; then think when you're away,
Less tedious I shall find the time, dear William, of your stay.
A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious hours,
And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage flowers;
And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind,
And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind your mind."

EARLY AMERICAN HEROISM.

DURING one of the former wars between France and England, in which the then colonies bore an active part, a respectable individual, a member of the Society of Friends, of the name of —, commanded a fine ship which sailed from an eastern port, to a port in England. This vessel had a strong and effective crew, but was totally unarmed. When near her destined port, she was chased, and ultimately overhauled, by a French vessel of war. Her commander used every endeavour to escape, but seeing from the superior sailing of the Frenchman that his capture was inevitable, he quietly retired below: he was followed into the cabin by his *cabin-boy*, a youth of activity and enterprise, named Charles Wager: he asked his commander if nothing more could be done to save the ship. His commander replied that it was impossible; that every thing had been done that was practicable; there was no escape for them, and they must submit to be captured. Charles then returned upon deck, and summoned the crew around him. He stated in a few words what was their captain's conclusion—then, with an elevation of mind, dictated by a soul formed for enterprise and noble daring, he observed, "If you will place yourselves under my command, and stand by me, I have conceived a plan by which the ship may be rescued, and we in turn become the conquerors." The sailors, no doubt, feeling the ardour, and inspired by the courage, of their youthful and gallant leader, agreed to place themselves under his command. His plan was communicated to them, and they awaited with firmness the moment to carry their enterprise into effect. The suspense was of short duration, for the Frenchman was quickly alongside, and as the weather was fine, immediately grappled fast to the unoffending merchant-ship. As Charles had anticipated, the exhilarated conquerors, elated beyond measure with the acquisition of so fine a prize, poured into his vessel in crowds, cheering and buzzing; and not foreseeing any danger, they left but few men on board their ship. Now was the moment for Charles, who, giving his men the signal, sprang at their head on board the opposing vessel, while some seized the arms which had been left in profusion on her deck, and with which they soon overpowered the few men left on board; the others, by a simultaneous movement, relieved her from the grapples which united the two vessels. Our hero now having the command of the French vessel, seized the helm, and placing her out of boarding distance, hailed, with the voice of a conqueror, the discomfited crew of Frenchmen who were left on board of the peaceful bark he had just quitted, and summoned them to follow close in his wake, or he would blow them out of the water, a threat they well knew he was very capable of executing, as their guns were loaded during the chase. They sorrowfully acquiesced with his

commands, while gallant Charles steered into port, followed by his prize. The exploit excited universal applause. The former master of the merchant-vessel was examined by the Admiralty, when he stated the whole of the enterprise as it occurred, and declared that Charles Wager had planned and effected the gallant exploit, and that to him alone belonged the honour and credit of the achievement. Charles was immediately transferred to the British navy, appointed a midshipman, and his education carefully superintended. He soon after distinguished himself in action, and underwent a rapid promotion, until at length he was created an admiral, and known as Sir Charles Wager. It is said that he always held in veneration and esteem that respectable and conscientious Friend, whose cabin-boy he had been, and transmitted yearly to his old MASTER, as he termed him, a handsome present of Madeira, to cheer his declining days.—*Mariner's Library*.

A HIGHWAYMAN'S GRAVE.

As the train of vehicles on the London and Birmingham railway passes over Box-Moor, the passengers have a transient glance of a solitary grave on the adjacent heath. This is the place of burial of Snook, a highwayman, who, under a proper system of penal discipline, might have been reclaimed to the paths of rectitude. The following notice of Snook occurs in a book called *Railroadiana*, lately published:—

"About the year 1800, during the period of the formation of the canal over Box-Moor, a robbery of the mail bags was effected one night, by a man named Snook, which created a great sensation at the time, from the fact of Snook being afterwards executed near the spot of the robbery, which is now marked by a mound of earth opposite the farm-house at the western end of the moor. The mail bags were in those days carried by horse, and on the night in question the man who had them in charge was stopped by a robber and compelled to carry the bags to a solitary spot, and then told 'to go about his business.' The next morning the bags were found with part of their contents, in a field, by some labourers in the employ of a respectable farmer named Pope. Information was immediately given to the postmaster of the district, Mr Page of the King's Arms, Berkhamstead, who forthwith proceeded to the Post-Office, in London, where he delivered what had been found to Mr Freeling (the late Sir Francis Freeling), and for the time all clue to the perpetrator of the robbery was lost.

It afterwards transpired that the name of the culprit was Snook. He obtained by this adventure a large booty, having from one letter alone abstracted property to the amount of five hundred pounds. With this he hastened to 'London, the needy villain's general home,' and took up his abode in the borough of Southwark. There one of those incautions acts which commonly follow or accompany crime, had nearly betrayed him into the hands of justice. He sent a servant from the house where he resided, to purchase a piece of cloth for a coat, and gave her what she understood was a five-pound note. When this, as such, was presented in payment for the cloth, the tradesman said there must be some mistake, as what she had tendered, instead of being a five, was a fifty-pound note. The female returned to Mr Snook, who upon this thought it advisable instantly to decamp, and he then directed his steps to Hungerford in Wiltshire, which was his native place. Here he for some time successfully eluded pursuit, though the most active exertions were made by the police to discover his retreat, and a reward of three hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension. He was at length taken, in consequence of being recognised by a post-boy who had formerly been his school-fellow. Carried to Hertford, he was put on his trial, and found guilty. A severe example was thought necessary, and he was ordered to die. Instructions were then given to Mr Page, who was high constable of the district, as well as postmaster, to select a place for his execution, as near as possible to the scene of his crime, so as not to give annoyance to the neighbourhood, and it was intended that he should be hung in chains; but this being petitioned against by those who resided on or near Box-Moor, the design was abandoned. The criminal conducted himself with great fortitude. He proposed to one whom he had formerly known, to give him his watch, on condition that he should take away his remains; but the party applied to, unwilling to have attention fixed on him as the friend of such a character, declined the offer. It was in consequence determined that he should be buried under the gallows. The place already described having been fixed upon for the closing scene, on the day of execution he was brought from Hertford in a post-chaise; and the apparatus of death, also brought from Hertford, having been previously erected, he was placed in a cart, and from that launched into eternity. After the corpse was cut down, it was then asked if any one would give him a coffin. Nobody came forward, and the hangman having stated that the clothes of the dead man were now his property, proceeded to strip the body for interment. His garments having been removed, with the exception of the lower part of his dress, the executioner was about to seize also on them, when Mr Page interfered, and insisted that some regard should be had to decency, and that these should not be taken from the defunct malefactor. A hole was then dug beneath the fatal tree on which he had suffered, and a truss of straw having been procured, half of it was thrown into the grave, and the corpse being placed on it, the other half was thrown on the body, and the earth was without further ceremony filled in. But the people in the neighbouring town of Hemel Hempstead, hurt at the manner in which a wretched fellow-creature had thus been entombed, subscribed to purchase a coffin, which on the following day they carried to the place where the miserable robber had paid the last penalty of the law, re-opened the grave, and deposited the lifeless form in the coffin so compassionately subscribed for, and the earth was immediately again closed over him."

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